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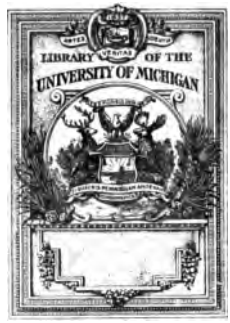
Where the Sportsman Loves to Linger.



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THE ALLAGASH,
THE EAST AND WEST
BRANCHES OF THE
PENOBSCOT.

"Where the Sportsman Loves to Linger."

A

NARRATIVE OF THE MOST POPULAR CANOE TRIPS IN MAINE.

THE ALLAGASH, THE EAST AND WEST BRANCHES OF THE PENOBSCOT.

BY

G. SMITH STANTON,

Author of "When the Wildwood Was in Flower," "Renting a Furnished Apartment," etc.

NEW YORK:
J. S. OGLIVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
57 Rose Street.

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Dedication.

To the registered guides of the State of Maine, ever faithful to their trust, this book is dedicated.

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PREFACE.

The author has made many canoe and hunting trips through the woods of Maine and knows the benefit to health derived therefrom, and if this narrative is the means of restoring the health of even one reader, the object of its production will be attained.

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Where the Sportsman Loves to Linger.

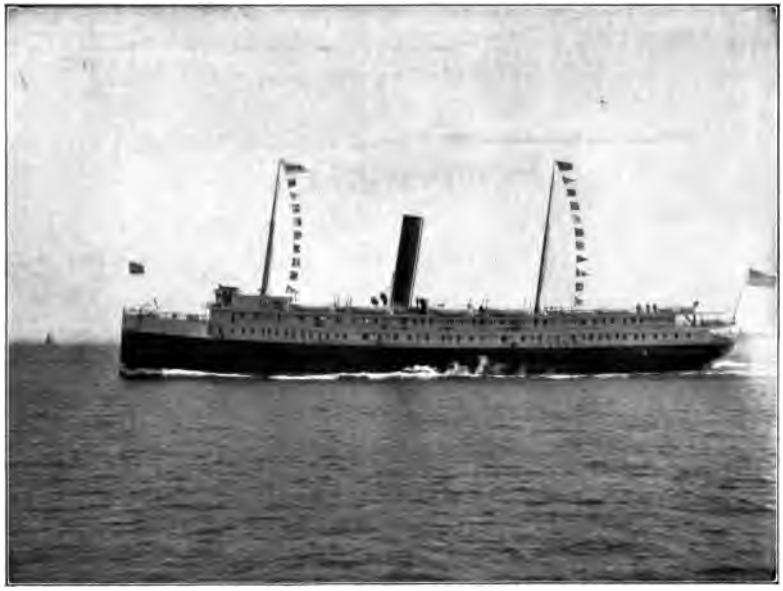
CHAPTER I.

NEW YORK TO MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

As one of the officers of the "North Star," of the Maine Steamship Company, as she lay alongside of Pier 32, East River, in New York Harbor, on a hot afternoon in July, was calling, "All ashore, that's going ashore!" there rapidly drove on to the pier a wagonette. The footman jumped from his seat and assisted a careworn gentleman to alight. The occupant of the wagonette was a member of the New York bar, and, being far from well, an old friend had recommended a canoe trip through the woods of Maine. Before the setting of the sun the "North Star" was well on her way along the Mediterranean of America, Long Island Sound, and the next day at 1.30 P.M. she was rounding Cape Elizabeth and entering the harbor of Portland, one of the finest, if not the finest harbor along the entire Atlantic Coast.

Every stateroom of the "North Star" was occupied, the boat being crowded with tourists bound for the resorts of the Pine Tree State, New Brunswick and beyond. The

"North Star" is a splendid boat in every respect, and especially did we enjoy the location of the dining-room. The dining-room of a steamer is generally down below, but that of the "North Star" reminded us of the location of that very important annex in our downtown clubs. The dining-



"North Star," Maine Steamship Company.

room of the boats of the Maine Steamship Company is on the upper deck, and runs the whole width of the boat, affording plenty of fresh air and, no matter which way you look, a magnificent view of the water.

As one enters New England after leaving the metropolis it seems as if he were a Columbus and had again discovered America. The signs of the business houses along the streets of bright and beautiful Portland contain the good old Yankee names, and the street car employees and hack-

men are a different article than those who order us about in cosmopolitan New York.

If a stranger falls ill in Portland he should take the nearest hack and direct the driver to Longfellow's Statue and then down Congress Street toward the Union Depot. We will guarantee he will find the doctor at home, no matter what his hours. We doubt if there is a parallel case on this continent. We do not exaggerate in stating that we believe in that half mile there are more doctors than in any other half mile in any State of the Union. There is one thing certain, there couldn't be any more, as a doctor's sign is on every house, and when you see a double house there you find a double doctor; and Mr. Sawbones is not confined to one side of the street, as in every house on each side the doctor is at your service. The Portland doctors seem to believe in that patriotic phrase, "United we stand, divided we fall." It is quite unfortunate that in so high and healthy a city the doctors have pre-empted the main artery between its busiest public square and the Union Depot. It produces a sickening impression.

The depot used by the Maine Central Railroad is a fine architectural structure. We found that the cars of the Bar Harbor Express contained all the conveniences that the most exacting passenger could ask for, and we enjoyed every minute of the four hours we spent speeding through the cool and beautiful country from Portland to Bangor. Our train made a ten-minute stop at Augusta. As we looked over the town our thoughts wandered back to Maine's great statesman—the Plumed Knight. There were two men defrauded out of the Presidency, Samuel J. Tilden and James G. Blaine—Tilden in the State of Louisiana and Blaine in New York City.

An attractive city is Bangor, the town at the head of navigation on the Penobscot. To the north of it lies the great wooded wilderness. Here we were to lay aside the dress appropriate along Fifth Avenue and don the woodman's attire, buy our stock of provisions, select our canoes,

Portland Harbor.

purchase our wearing apparel, meet one of our guides, and, last but not least, greet the friend who was to accompany us on the trip—Dr. Hazelton. While we were at breakfast at the Bangor House we received the Doctor's card. With him was a noble specimen of the red man, an Old Town Indian, young, tall, athletic and unusually intelligent. To him was left all the arrangements for the trip, the hiring of an additional guide and the selection of the

camping outfit. We spent the day shopping. One of the most enjoyable additions to our camping paraphernalia was a pillow. It may seem a little tenderfootish to take a pillow into the woods, but it will help you to many an hour's good sleep.

While in Bangor we saw the former home of Hannibal Hamlin. What recollections it brought back to us! The partner, we might say, of "Old Abe" in those times that tried men's souls. The trials of all the other Presidents before or since could not compare with those of Lincoln; and yet, with all his honesty of purpose, "grave and reverend" Senators of his own party considered the question of his impeachment.

The stranger will find on the outskirts of New England cities, through the enterprise of the trolley lines, places of amusement. For little expense, simply the car fare, he can take a delightful ride far into the country to some park in a lovely inland dale or along some riverside. Bangor is no exception. Four miles below the city, on the banks of the Penobscot, the traction lines have laid out Riverside Park. The road winds along the river bank and through productive farms. At the park an amphitheatre greets you, surrounded by beautiful shaded grounds. Every afternoon and evening one can listen to some vaudeville entertainment. One can visit different parks, but the earmarks of other days will be on the programmes. The same old jokes we used to hear marking time along Coney's sandy shore we heard that afternoon resounding through the trees at Riverside and echoing over the waters of the Penobscot.

While we were in Bangor we visited the great lumbering plants and saw the raw material converted into finished product. Logs that had made the trip down the drive in

company—boon companions, so to speak, possibly grown up together—now were waiting for the buzz-saw, to part forever, and, as in this life, one to reach no farther than the abode of the lowly, while its more fortunate companion would ornament the home of the well-to-do.

Bar Harbor Express, Maine Central Railroad.

Everything was at last in readiness for our departure. One morning bright and early we left on the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad for Moosehead Lake, arriving at Kineo that afternoon. There the second guide, another Indian, joined us. Before our departure from Bangor we got the first glimpse of what was in store for us. A joyous lot of sportsmen were at the depot. Canoes were being loaded into baggage cars. The trucks were loaded with bundles

of tents, bedding and the like—in fact, the camping outfit of many a sportsman was piled here and there. Guns and fishing rods were in evidence. Men, and ladies as well, in sporting costume, were making ready for the start. What a jolly ride it was from Bangor to Moosehead! The whole

Main Street, Bangor.

atmosphere of the car was a tonic. What a contrast between that train load of merry passengers and the anxious commuter on his way to the busy city, with its "pace that kills."

As one approaches Moosehead Lake the grand view of the mountains and valleys of the Pine Tree State opens up before him, one unbroken forest as far as the eye can reach. We had often heard of the grandeur of Mount Kineo, but

as we rounded Deer Island the sight that met our view—the great bald mountain seemingly in the center of the lake, with the well-known hostelry and its cottages at its base—was beyond our expectations. We found the service

Moosehead Lake Division, Bangor and Aroostook Railroad.

of that famous resort equal to any of the hotels along our coast.

That night at Kineo was the last we were to spend for some time in a civilized abode. On the morrow we were to enter the vast wilderness, the haunt of wild beasts, nothing between us and the stars but a piece of canvas, and the ground for a bed. That night visions of Indians, bears,

bull moose and the like were constantly before us. We could see ourselves wounded and no physician within a hundred miles; our canoes smashed, provisions gone, and perchance ourselves lost in the woods. How did we know but that these Indian guides would scalp and rob us? We

First View of Kineo.

awoke with the feeling that we would prefer "home and mother." A grand lake is Moosehead. Set in that wild and beautiful country, it is a picture beyond the pen to describe. It is the largest lake in the State, and is the main artery, winter and summer, to the lumbering camps of Maine. Annually millions of tons of provisions pass over it by steamer in summer and by sleigh in winter. On account of its rough waters the steamers, though small, have powerful engines, and, we might say, fly over the lake,

often making the length of the lake in less than two hours. While the lake is freezing over in the fall and breaking up in the spring the road along its shore is resorted to. In winter large limbs of the hemlock, with its evergreen, are set upright in the ice and frozen-in the whole length of the

Boat Landing, Kineo.

lake, making a marked driveway to guide the teamster who travels it. There is one peculiarity of Moosehead Lake that has not its like in the lakes of this continent: with its forty miles in length and four hundred miles of water line, its inlet and outlet are on the same side of the lake, not a mile apart.

Early the next morning a special boat took us to the head of the lake—Northeast Carry. The day was bright and beautiful; to the east Big and Little Spencer Mountains

could be seen towering toward the sky, and off toward the northeast the monarch of them all, the landmark of Northern Maine, Old Katahdin.

Arriving at Northeast Carry, the canoes, camp equipage and all were carted across the Carry by a team belonging

View from Top of Kineo.

to the prettily situated hotel at that place. It was two miles across the Carry to the West Branch of the Penobscot. All our belongings, the guides and ourselves included, were deposited on the bank of the stream, the team returning across the Carry and leaving us alone in our glory. Everything in connection with our outfit seemed frail and small. The canoes that were to carry us and all our belongings over rocky rapids and across deep, boisterous

lakes one of the guides could pick up with one hand and shoulder with little effort. The tent, our house, which was to shelter us from the wind and weather, was a little bundle not larger than a pillow, nor much heavier.

The guides soon had the canoes loaded, and with an Indian in the stern of each, paddle in hand, the trip down the

Northeast Carry, Moosehead Lake

Allagash to the St. John, up the West Branch and down the East Branch of the Penobscot, was on. Along this four hundred miles of jungle one often sees the camps of the young men who used to spend their vacations on the beach and in the ballroom, and generally returned home depleted in purse and in worse physical condition than when they left. One meets them at Kineo and Norcross,

returning to the counting-house different looking and feeling individuals than after the summers spent at Cape May, Atlantic City, Newport and Old Orchard.

Where the Sportsman Loves to Linger.

CHAPTER II.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE TO CHESUNCOOK.

ONE'S first experience in a canoe is a feeling of uncertainty, expecting every moment to be upset and, on account of its frailty, to see it crushed like an egg shell; yet a canoe is as tough as a pugilist trained for a prize-fight. It is surprising the rocks it can run into and on top of without any apparent damage, and the heavy loads it can carry.

We were surprised and amused at a load the owner of a hotel for lumbermen, ten miles below the carry, was putting into his canoe. The man himself weighed at least three hundred pounds, and he was loading the canoe with two barrels of kerosene. As he started away the canoe sank so deep in the water that it looked as if two kerosene barrels and a fat man were floating on the surface. The fellow was so fat that his "habeas corpus" extended beyond the canoe and hung over the sides like the jowls of the prize porker at a county fair. About all you could see of the canoe was the points at each end, reminding us of the jack trains in the mining regions of Colorado as we have seen them going up the mountain trail loaded with provender and material for the mines above. About all you could see of the jacks were their ears.

The canoe and bateau are the means of transportation over the rivers and smaller lakes of Maine. They corre-

spond with the depot wagon and the heavy truck. The smooth, symmetrical canoe is to the rough, ill-shaped bateau as the sleek, handsomely formed deer is to the ungainly moose. Along the banks of the rivers of Maine are roads cut through the timber for hauling provisions during the winter to sporting and lumber camps; in fact, you

Northeast Carry, West Branch.

will see them cut through the wooded wilderness in every direction. They tell us snow falls to the depth of seven feet on the level. In truth of that one often sees stumps, we might say, eight to ten feet in height, showing where the woodchopper stood on the snow when he felled the tree. At one time they lumbered in winter only; now the woodchopper's axe can be heard the year round.

The West Branch at Northeast Carry is a sluggish, deep stream, about two hundred feet in width. The water courses of Maine are either dead water, quick water, rapids or falls. What most strikes the tenderfoot as he embarks on one of these canoe trips is the utter silence of that vast region. The canoe cuts the water with hardly a ripple, and the paddling is as quiet as the grave. Though the dense jungle that lines the rivers and encompasses the lakes is inhabited every square mile by wild beasts, yet all is still. The young are taught that silence is golden. Even the breaking of a twig might lead to instant death. No bleating of the calf for its mother, nor *vice versa*. An old cow in a town barn makes more noise than all the game in the State of Maine.

We had gone down the stream about a couple of miles when, rounding a bend in the river, one of the guides called our attention to what appeared to be a red bush, but was in reality a deer. During what is known as the "closed season" the game is very tame. Standing on the bank of the stream with a little fawn, it watched us as we passed. What a shot it would have been! On account of the frequent canoes passing between Northeast Carry and Chesuncook Lake it is risky business to supply your larder with deer meat during the closed season, but the opportunities we had that day were very tantalizing. We were informed by the guides that when we reached Churchill Lake we would then be safe to toy with venison, so we anxiously looked forward to our arrival there.

While coming up the lake from Kineo we "fell in" with a friend we had met abroad, who spends a month or two every summer on Lobster Lake. He claimed there was no more beautiful body of water in this or foreign lands, and prevailed upon us to make the side trip into Lobster. Al-

though it took two hours of the day, we were rewarded with seeing a lake that was the cap-sheaf of them all. Lobster Lake is the ideal spot for the business man who, while enjoying the wilds of the woods, wishes to be at the same time in touch with his business, as it is only a two hours' paddle—all dead water—from Lobster Lake to Northeast Carry, with its long-distance telephone and postoffice.

Senior Member of the Transportation Company, Bateau and Canoe.

Lobster Lake combines the beauties and grandeur of all the other lakes of the State. Wide, sandy beaches skirt its shores, affording, from what we saw that day, a race-track for the many fleet-footed deer that visit it. High, rocky cliffs, wonderful in formation, protect safe harbors with beautiful camping grounds. Unsurpassed mountain scenery surrounds it. Nature so placed it that the highest mountains in the State, the mighty Katahdin, the Spencers and others, look down upon it.

The painter has his masterpiece, the author his favorite production, and if one should ask the Creator of the inland waters of the State of Maine His ideal, the answer no doubt would be Lobster Lake.

Coming back through Lobster outlet we noticed the work of the beavers. The stream was lined with their favorite food, the poplar. Their work is almost human. It is wonderful what large trees they gnaw through, selecting those that lean towards the water and will fall therein. We noticed one tree partially gnawed through. We stopped and examined it. The work showed that it had been done weeks before. The Indians said, "Tree no fall into the water." What knowledge was there! The beaver, as is often the case with the woodchopper, saw that his time would be wasted. After the trees are fallen the beaver gnaws off the limbs, sinks them to the bottom, and in the winter time, when the stream is frozen over, Mr. Beaver enjoys his daily meal of the, to them, luscious bark of the poplar. He seems to know the rainy day will come, and provides for it, thereby showing more sense than many a two-legged animal.

Just before we came to Moosehorn, a stream that empties into the West Branch from the south, we saw our first moose. He was feeding on his favorite food, the roots of the lily pad. He paid but little attention to us. He was standing in the water, belly deep, with head submerged half the time in search of his favorite dish. As there was a spring near the mouth of the Moosehorn, and as the noon hour had passed, lunch suggested itself. The canoes were headed for the bank, a fire soon started, and, with the Kineo Indian as head chef, the first meal on our long trip was soon before us.

From Northeast Carry to Moosehorn the West Branch

flows sluggishly on its course. The guides informed us that the next ten miles, from Moosehorn to Chesuncook Lake, we would get a taste of rough water, and, sure enough, the first bend in the river disclosed foam and rocks. The river became shallow and rapid, and rocks poked their

They Watched Us as We Passed.

heads through the stream in every direction. The guides stood up, substituting poles for paddles. It was wonderful with what skill they handled the canoes in the onrushing waters and among the great boulders. Time and again it looked as if we were going headlong into a rock, but a jab of the pole would turn the canoe into the channel again. Thus the dreaded Fox Hole, Rocky Rips and Pine Stream Falls were safely run.

Six o'clock found us on the headwaters of Chesuncook Lake. As the daylight that was left before the setting of the sun would be needed to prepare for camp, and as just below Pine Stream Falls was a beautiful camping ground, the canoes were headed for the shore, soon unloaded

Lobster Lake.

and their contents carried onto the high bank, the canoes themselves being turned upside down a short distance from the water. A dense jungle was on three sides of us. Poetry and prose have vied with each other in depicting the pleasures of camping out. Friends have gone into ecstasies over it, but we approached the moment more with dread than pleasure. The small heap that lay before us that was to protect our inner and outer man seemed entirely inade-

quate. With interest we watched the Indians convert our small belongings into an imposing array.

With axes they disappeared into the jungle, soon appearing with forks and poles. The forks were driven into the ground, the poles laid across, the tents unfolded, thrown over the poles and tightened down. We had four tents, one for each of us, one for the Indians, and a toilet tent. The balance of our belongings were carried into the re-

Beavers Work.

spective tents. A fireplace was next selected, a fork on each side and a pole across, back and end logs secured, and hangers—a small forked stick with a nail in one end—were hung across the pole, a proper distance from the fire. On the hangers are hung the pots and kettles. One of the most important adjuncts of a camping outfit is a "baker," a peculiarly constructed piece of tinware. We enjoyed many a hot biscuit from our little baker.

The Indians again disappeared into the woods, this time to return with boughs for our beds; armful after armful they brought and entwined, until the softest, cleanest and most inviting bed was before us. Firewood was next pro-

cured. Along the shore line of all the lakes of Maine dry wood abounds, cast there by the ravages of time. The winter and summer storms and high water play havoc with the timber along the shore of the lakes; consequently, no matter where you camp, dry wood is there—not a punky, rotten log, but wood as "sound as a dollar" and "dry as a bone," and of all sizes, ready to cook your daylight meal and for the camp-fire in the stilly night.

Of all the firewood for the camper, the most necessary is the bark of the birch; without that, many a cold meal would have been eaten and many a camp-fire never lighted. No matter what the weather conditions, the birch bark will burn. It is easily secured; with a "rip up the back" it readily peals from the tree, and is as inflammable as kerosene. The guides soon had ample firewood in stock, and then they attacked the boxes and bags of provisions. In making a canoe trip one is naturally exposed to all kinds of weather, so your provisions are packed with that contingency in view. Anything that water would injure is protected by waterproof material. Sugar, tea, coffee and the like are put up in little waterproof bags, which are then put in a larger bag. In our long trip bags of provender fell into the water without any apparent damage to their contents.

A well-cooked, bountiful meal was soon at our disposal, and as the sun sank amidst the dense forest the camp-fire was lighted. Around the camp-fires on our long trip the Indians interested and amused us with reminiscences of their lives. In the streams and woods the Great Spirit provided everything for them. The wild animals gave him rations and raiment. From the bark of the birch tree he made his canoe; with the bow, arrow and tomahawk he procured his game; from friction he obtained fire; from bark and poles he made his house; herbs were his medicine;

and, with the money and servant question obliterated, a happy and contented life he led. We never heard our

West Branch Above Moosehorn.

guides telling about their "old man" having to go to a sanitarium for nervous prostration, nor walking the floor

nights on account of the note due at the bank on the morrow; nor did they have any recollections of hearing their mother discuss with other squaws about "my operation"; nor did they remember in their papoose days of having been introduced to Mrs. Winslow or Mr. Paregoric.

Upon our arrival at Chesuncook we already began to feel

West Branch Below Moosehorn.

the delightful effects of the change. He who continually lives along the coast line knoweth not the benefit of the North Woods. The word humidity is not in the bright lexicon of the Pine Tree State. Poor appetite has no abode there. Indigestion is a stranger in the land. Stomachs that rebelled are forgiven and forgotten. Nervousness soon seeks other climes. Imaginary evils vanish into thin air. What seem mountains elsewhere to the tired brain

become molehills. Morbid thoughts give way to pleasant reflections. The inward antipathy hidden by outward courtesy of man towards man resolves itself into the true Christian spirit. Woman's jealousy of woman has no abiding place in the woods of Maine. The struggle for worldly goods that is driving many business men to the asylum and penitentiary ceases for the time being. In fact, the surroundings there give one that quiet repose that enables you to see this life as it should be seen.

CHAPTER III.

CHESUNCOOK TO UMSASKIS LAKE.

FRAGRANCE from hemlock boughs must be a panacea for insomnia, as the night passed mid pleasant dreams. For breakfast we had some delicious trout caught in the early morn by one of the Indians. The tented field of the night before, with all our belongings, was loaded into the canoes, and we started on a day's journey in which before nightfall we were to experience all the varieties of canoeing through the wilds of Maine.

An hour's paddling on the headwaters of Chesuncook Lake brought us to the lake proper. The lake lay to the south of us, and off to the southeast old Katahdin loomed skyward. At the little settlement at the head of the lake was a postoffice, the last until we arrived at Connors, on the St. John, one hundred and twenty-five miles further north. Our course lay across the head of the lake to the mouth of Umbazooksus stream. The canoeman gets lots of experience going up Umbazooksus stream to a lake of the same name. The first six miles is narrow, winding and muddy; the last three shallow and rocky, where one has to don rubber boots and lead the canoe.

Umbazooksus Lake is situated in a country wild with scenic beauty. Across the foot of it our course lay to some sporting camps near the famous Mud Pond Carry. Mud

Pond Carry, which is two miles long, crosses the vertebræ of the State of Maine. It is on the watershed. It was raining when we crossed it, and stopping for a moment on its apex, we saw the rain drops choose their course, bidding each other good-bye, some to follow the Allagash and

Chesuncook Lake.

the St. John, others the West Branch and the main Penobscot, to meet, perchance, again among the "sad sea waves."

On the shore of Mud Pond we ate our noonday meal. Mud Pond is an uninviting body of water—that is, to man, but not to the ungainly moose. It is shallow and abounds with lily pads, in consequence of which it is surrounded by a great moose country. From our noonday camp we counted nine moose, some far from the shore, with their

heads half of the time under the water seeking the roots of the succulent lily pad. Our course lay across the pond to its outlet, which empties into the second largest lake

Mud Pond Carry.

in Maine—Chamberlain. We found the outlet of Mud Pond similar to the last half of Umbazooksus stream.

As we entered Chamberlain Lake its waters were calm, which fact the Indians said was somewhat unusual. Our course lay across the lake and up its eastern shore to Cham-

berlain dam, which we hoped to reach in time to camp for the night. Unfortunately for us, when halfway across the wind began to blow, and continued to increase until a high sea was running. Being anxious to get across as soon as possible, we took our first lesson in paddling, and were

Mud Pond.

surprised how soon we caught on. Water continually swashed into the boats, giving everything a good wetting. We finally got under the protection of the eastern shore and slowly worked our way up the lake to Chamberlain dam. The clouds began to lift and Old Sol came out, showing that we had an hour before sundown to pitch our tents. Here we met quite a party of New Yorkers, among whom were several ladies, on their way back from Churchill Lake to Kineo. Here for the first time we heard of what is called Chase's Carry, which we afterward learned was the worst piece of water run by canoemen in

the State. Having tired of fish and "embalmed meat," we were anxious to push on to Churchill Lake, where, the guides informed us, we could try our luck with our shooting-irons.

The next day we passed down Chamberlain outlet to Eagle Lake, through the thoroughfare between Eagle and Churchill, and late in the afternoon we pitched our tents within hearing of the roar of Chase's Carry. We informed the guides that we would tarry a day or two on Churchill; so they set to work and arranged a camp with that idea in view, and a most comfortable one they staked out. The game at that time of the year is very tame, and, the Doctor being a good shot, we could already see a piece of juicy venison in the frying pan.

We were amused while in camp at Chamberlain dam, where there was a watchman stationed to see that no one disturbed the gates. He had the usual characteristics of night watchmen, for when nightfall came he retired to his tent and peacefully snored the night away.

While we were in camp on Chamberlain outlet we met two game wardens with a prisoner on the way to Foxcroft. Any one who shoots deer out of season and partakes thereof wants to be careful when strangers come around. It seems that this fellow was camping on Eagle Lake and living, as General Sherman did when marching through Georgia, on the fat of the land. The game wardens heard of the gentleman and made him a visit under the guise of sports. He invited them to dine, and had deer on the bill of fare, with the result that he contributed fifty dollars to the exchequer of the State, and in consideration of his kindness the State insisted on his being its guest for thirty days in order that he might study the beauties of the eleventh commandment.

The governing power acts the coward towards the Beef Trust, but it sets the minions of the law on the trail of the poor guide who, with his hard-working helpmate, is trying to make a living from his sporting camp.

While passing through Eagle Lake we visited the tram-

Chamberlin Dam.

way, a "moving sidewalk," constructed through the woods from Eagle to Chamberlain Lakes. The waters in Eagle Lake flow toward the St. John and on through New Brunswick to the sea. The tramway enables the lumbermen on Eagle Lake to float their logs via Chamberlain and the East Branch to the mills on the Penobscot, thereby avoiding a Canadian tax.

As one traverses the woods of Maine he is often reminded of bygone days by the immense rotting stumps of the for-

mer monarchs of the woods, the pine trees. One occasionally lies with its full length on the ground, covered with moss, one of those giants left for some cause by the woodchoppers. No other timber in the woods did or ever will equal the proportions of the pine. They seemed to have

We Were Within a Canoe's Length of This Gentleman.

lived in the age of human giants and the animals and fish of biblical times, and in the days when the giant angler,

"His angle rod made of sturdy pine,
With a cable, that storms ne'er broke, for a line;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat on a rock and bobbed for a whale."

We found many inaccuracies in maps and descriptions as published. Among other things, maps show a dam and a carry between Churchill and Umsaskis Lakes, to this day called Chase's Carry. There was at one time a dam there, but there has not been for, lo! these many years. A

The Greed of the Beef Trust Drives a Fellow to This.

dam was a long time ago constructed on the Allagash below Churchill Lake to raise the water of Eagle, but some of the boys in the lumber business on the lower Allagash, being short of water to float their logs, sneaked up the river one night and in the dark of the moon dynamited the dam, which with a crash disappeared from the Allagash, but seemingly not from maps and literature.

The next morning, leaving the guides at home, we took a walk down the lake. Rounding a point, we saw, feeding,

some distance along the shore, a red object we had seen so many times before. The wind was in our favor, enabling us to bring the young buck, as he proved to be, within easy range. It is surprising how suspicious they are, forever looking around while feeding, their heads constantly going up and down, always on the alert. Something wonderful

The Author Supplying the "Meat Market."

is their sense of smell and hearing. It must have heard us, and suddenly turned, facing us. The time had come, and with a roar that sounded over the lake like a cannon the object of our aim dropped, then arose and ran down the shore of the lake. One often hears the assertion that a shot through the heart means instant death, but that animal ran one hundred yards shot through the heart. We returned to the camp for a canoe, and, with the Doctor as

chief surgeon, the tenderloin and hindquarters were soon hanging on a tree a short distance from the camp. Meat in that high, dry atmosphere soon cures. "Sports" keep

The Doctor Performing the Autopsy.

the "meat market" some distance from the camp, as the law requires you to be caught with the "goods on." The bill of fare for the next two days consisted of "tenderloin of buck a la Churchill Lake." One day we spent in the woods successfully hunting partridges.

During our stay on Churchill we visited the camp of Senator Quay on Spider Lake. A thoroughfare from Churchill leads to Spider. The camp was closed. What a contrast between that beautiful lake, situated in one of the most attractive spots for a sportsman in Maine, and the Capitol at Washington! As we sat on the Senator's piazza, breathing in the delicious fragrance of the trees that surrounded it and looking over the clear and lovely lake, we could not help but think what fools men are when they have accumulated sufficient worldly goods to sacrifice their health for more. To retain the power the Senator had in the State of Pennsylvania, and to keep in touch with his henchmen, the days of midsummer found him in the hot city, instead of enjoying that cool and healthy spot. It does seem that, like women for social standing, men will for wealth and power sacrifice everything. If the Senator had spent more time on Spider Lake and less in Washington he would have lived longer to enjoy what it had been his good fortune to accumulate; but, like the Wall Street manipulator, the ticker was his life.

The dread of Chase's Carry began to keep us awake, so we broke camp and started down the long lagoon that leads to the commencement of the Allagash.

If any one wants to get his mind off his business, we will guarantee, when he is going down the Allagash from Churchill, no matter what his occupation, he will be thinking of nothing but rocks. We doubt if that eleven miles has its equal for wildness in the State of Maine. Towering banks, with dense jungle, are on both sides; immense trees lean over the stream as if to grab you. The current runs like a mill race; great boulders are everywhere, alongside of you, under you, and you are lucky if some do not get on top of you. The channel, if there is one, is narrow and

constantly circling around and among huge boulders, first on one side of the river and then on the other; in the middle and then where the onrushing waters take you. Canoes are constantly being swamped. Along the bottom of the river one catches glimpses of bakers, tin cans, kettles, bags

The End of Chase's Carry. Au Revoir.

of provisions—in fact, all kinds of camp equipage lost by unfortunate canoemen. Some day Chase's Carry will be worked to good advantage, as there is lots of pay dirt deposited there and more being constantly added.

The day we made the run was dark and lowering. We had worked our way down stream not more than a mile, when the elements concluded they would take a hand in the game and opened with one of the worst thunder showers we ever passed through. The rain came in torrents

and the lightning was a hair-raiser. Through it all the faithful guides stood their ground, pole in hand, guiding us safely through the treacherous channels. As the darkness passed away and the sun shone forth we dropped into Umsaskis dead water, completing the wildest ride on the entire trip. We were drenched to the skin and were half scared to death along the whole eleven miles. Chase's Carry and the headwaters of Umsaskis Lake are simply a repetition of this life; do not falter when the tug comes, as come it will, but brace against it, as there is always quiet waters beyond.

CHAPTER IV.

UMSASKIS LAKE TO FORT KENT.

In all stages of decay lumber camps are found along the rivers and on the shores of the lakes of Maine. We found the old cedar shingles of the roof of one of the buildings nearby where we camped very desirable firewood. We stayed on Umsaskis two days, our time being occupied drying our clothes. A keeper once wrote on the door at Sing Sing where prisoners first enter, "He who enters here leave hope behind." The sportsman who enters the woods of Maine should leave cotton goods at home. Every article of clothing should be wool. Strong, common-sense shoes and moccasins should be the footwear; a pair of rubber boots would not come amiss. More than once, after a good drenching, our woolen clothes saved us from catching cold. Many times we have taken off our moccasins, emptied out the water, wrung out our woolen socks, and put the same socks and moccasins on again, with no bad results.

On the second day of our stop on Umsaskis we saw a battle royal between two bull moose. Coming from opposite directions, they met at the lake side, not far from our camp. They locked horns, shoving each other up and down the beach, paying no attention whatever to us. After smashing all the dry-ki and overturning every stone within a radius of a hundred feet, one, evidently having enough,

plunged into the lake and swam for the opposite shore. The other stood looking at him, and, as the victor turned to go into the woods, he stopped for a moment viewing our camp, as if to say, "Well, boys, I made him take water."

On the afternoon of the same day we saw the most laugh-

Between Umsaskis and Long Lakes.

able incident that occurred on our trip. Our tents were pitched on high ground, a short distance from the lake. The woods had been cleared away in front. There was a small island a short distance off shore. We noticed several moose here and there in the water. One was well out in the lake and gradually working his way to our camp, his head being under water half of the time after the roots of the lily pad. He kept on coming nearer and nearer, evi-

dently not seeing us. He no doubt had traveled the same route before. He finally caught sight of the camp, stood for a moment looking at those white objects with the dark woods as a background, became frightened, whirled and started for the island, disappearing therein, but in a few

The Winding Allagash.

moments reappeared and plunged into the water, with two more moose with him, all striking out for the opposite shore. One could imagine that as soon as he struck the island the other moose had asked what was up, and he no doubt replied, "Don't ask me any questions, but run for your life." Two other moose, who had been feeding well out in the lake, saw the rush coming, and they, too, were stampeded, and the whole bunch were still on the lope as they disappeared in the timber.

Passing out of Umsaskis Lake and through the thoroughfare, one enters Long Lake, the last lake on the Allagash trip. Years ago, on account of a love affair, one Priestly sought an isolated abode. He came to Long Lake, on the Allagash. As years rolled on he cleared up quite a farm.

Allagash Falls.

The farm was bought by one Harvey, who also evidently preferred isolation. Sportsmen often stopped at the place, some of whom had been swamped in Chase's Carry. Harvey established a supply depot, toting the supplies from Canada during the winter. Our supply of sugar having been waterlogged in Chase's Carry, we were glad that Priestly had been discarded by one of the weaker sex, as it enabled us to supply our larder at Depot Farm.

All day long we glided down the rapid, rocky waters of the winding Allagash, seeing deer and moose at every turn,

eating our lunch as we floated over the only dead water on the river, and as twilight was casting its shadows across the stream Allagash Falls was reached, near which we pitched our tents.

The only sleepless night on the whole trip we passed at Allagash Falls. It seems the Allagash log drive failed to get through, and logs were scattered along the river from Round Pond to the St. John. Below Allagash Falls the river was full of them, except a narrow channel for canoes.

The Little Fawn We Saved.

About midnight we awoke, hearing a sound like that of a crying baby; whenever the wind blew the sound of the falls away we could hear the cry. Sometimes it would sound like a child and then like a calf. At the break of day we dressed, still hearing the same little wail. It sounded among the logs. The Indians were already up and we called their attention to it. Together we investigated, and there in the water, between some logs, was a little fawn. One of the Indians said at dusk the night before he had seen a doe crossing the logs, followed by a fawn. The little fellow had evidently fallen in and was nearly

chilled to death. The mother was nowhere in sight. We carried the poor thing up to the camp, rubbed it dry and fed it some condensed milk and hot water. It became a passenger on our trip as far as Connors, where we gave it away. We stopped at a farmhouse a few miles below the

The Allagash Entering the St. John.

falls, obtained some cow's milk, and fortunately a rubber nipple, and our little charge had its rations early and often and seemed to enjoy our society.

On the menu card at Allagash Falls was "fruit in season." Forest fires had left great tracts of timber land along the Allagash bare and desolate; acres of red raspberry bushes had grown thereon, and the fruit was ripe while we were there.

Among the trophies we gathered on our trip, a bear pelt we obtained at Allagash Falls we prize above all others. While the Kineo Indian was getting the noonday meal the Bangor guide went in search of raspberries. He had been gone about half an hour, when we heard a shot, the growl

Taking-Out Place—Connors.

of an animal and the Indian crying for help. We all started in the direction of the noise, but neglected to take our guns. The cook, who was cleaning fish at the time, had a knife in his hand, and fortunately took it with him. The Kineo Indian told us as we ran, tumbling over logs and limbs, that it was undoubtedly a bear. It seems a large-sized she bear was also hunting berries, and the guide, getting sight of her, sneaked up to close range and fired. Unfortunately he had but one cartridge; the shot only

wounded and infuriated the animal, who made for the Indian. He had no means of defense except a club, and when we arrived the Indian and bear were having a rough-and-tumble fight among the brush, first the bear on top and then the Indian. The Kineo Indian, knife in hand, jumped

Connors, N. B.

into the fray, and soon poor bruin was dead. The Bangor Indian's arms were fearfully lacerated, putting him out of commission. He was unable to paddle, and we found ourselves the next day going down the Allagash with the stern paddle in hand. If it were not that the Kineo Indian knew every foot of the river and took the lead, we would have been in the water more times than in the canoe. While running Twin Brook rapids our heart and Adam's apple were holding close communion.

At noon we ran Nigger Brook rapids and entered the Valley of the St. John, one of the grandest river valleys in North America. Four o'clock that afternoon found us at the hotel at Connors, New Brunswick, sending telegrams

The Kineo Indian and the Author.

to anxious friends, reading letters and newspapers, in an endeavor to catch up with the world.

Camping out is no doubt great, but it was a delightful change from eating your meals in the wilds of the Allagash

on a bare table while sitting at an angle of forty-five degrees, with an Indian as chief cook and bottle-washer, who never could be hung for his cleanliness, to the dining-room of the Hotel New Brunswick. It seemed good to get our legs again under the mahogany of a hotel dining-room. How sweet the clean linen and the neatly dressed waiter girls looked to us.

The menu card contained all the appetite could crave; the viands were well cooked and served to the queen's taste. What a pleasure sitting in the rotunda of the hotel in a comfortable chair, smoking your favorite brand. How inviting was a porcelain bathtub, with its necessary side-partner. What a "difference in the morning" between the easy chair of a white-coated tonsorial artist to having your neck stretched over a stump, with a clumsy Indian brandishing a dull razor in close proximity to your jugular.

It was Saturday when we arrived at Connors. Greatly to our disgust, anger and mortification, the Kineo Indian that evening met some convivial friends, who imbibed too freely of Canadian Club, and, unfortunately for all of us, proceeded to paint the little frontier town a beautiful crimson. Most successfully they accomplished the task, and ere the decorating process ceased the roosters were informing the subjects of King Edward that another day was dawning. To atone for this "war dance," we, Indians and all, attended the only church in town—a Catholic one. Much of the service was in French. That language seemed to predominate on both sides of the St. John.

But we were not to get off so easily. While coming out of church the Kineo Indian was served with a paper to appear before "My Lud" the following morning. The court, being informed of our profession, allowed us to ap-

pear for the defense. We put in a plea of justification. We produced a sample of the vile stuff we bought in the "States" and compared it with the smooth, oily extract sold over the bar of the Hotel New Brunswick, claiming that no one was to blame for imbibing too freely of such a de-

The Valley of the St. John—Fort Kent.

licious article after such a "torchlight procession" as we bought in Bangor. In fact, we praised everything Canadian and condemned everything that ever was or ever will be across the border. The court generally takes "the papers," but in this case it took a sample of the Bangor brand and then that of Canada, sustained our plea of justification and discharged the prisoner on condition that he leave town at once, which we agreed to do and did.

In all our long trip over the waters of Maine, the four hours we passed that lovely August afternoon going down the St. John from Connors to Fort Kent was the most enjoyable; after our experience on the rushing Allagash, constantly on the lookout for rocks, it was restful to glide along the clear waters of the St. John. The deep, smooth river, the wide valley, dotted here and there with little hamlets and productive farms, with ranges of mountains in the background, was a sight that will linger long in our memory.

CHAPTER V.

FORT KENT TO WEST BRANCH—ABOL STREAM.

FORT KENT recalled the exciting political contest "when she went for Governor Kent, Tippecanoe, and Tyler, too." Among the other attractions of the place, we visited the historic old blockhouse. At Fort Kent we were to take the railroad for Norcross, a town one hundred miles south, where the West Branch trip usually ends. We were agreeably surprised to find such good hotel accommodations at these little frontier towns. As we entered the dining-room of the hotel we were pleased and astonished to find it crowded with a bevy of young, handsome and frolicking girls. Inquiring of the waiter who they were, he informed us they were "the chorus of the show to-night." It seems many theatrical troupes follow the vacationists to Maine. Several of the young ladies insisted on dining at the same table with our guides, and kept up quite a flirtation with the noble red men, greatly to the amusement of the guests, but to the discomfiture of the Indians. After dinner we asked the Kineo guide what he thought of the girls. "Heap fine squaws." We went to the show, of course, and the revelry of the night brought back to our recollection the Rialto in little old New York.

We dreaded the railroad ride, as we expected in this far-off wilderness to find dirty and broken-down rolling stock,

an uneven roadbed, a rough lot of passengers, and, as usual at terminals on the frontier, the depot a box-car, with a stovepipe for a chimney. Imagine our surprise to find a handsome depot, and standing on the main line beside it a railroad train, from the cow-catcher to the hind plat-

Taking-Out Place—Fort Kent.

form on the last car, in equipment equal to any running out of the Grand Central Depot, and far superior to many trains coming into New York carrying the bustling commuter. The trainmen, in their neat uniforms, we found gentlemanly, social and accommodating. The roadbed showed that the superintendent and section men understood their business.

He who travels over the B. & A. from Fort Kent to Norcross need not fear he is going to starve because there is

no dining car on the train nor eating stations along the line, as about the time for luncheon the conductor passes through the train announcing the fact that luncheon will be brought aboard the train at the next station for those

Historic Block House.

who want it; and a nice one it is, put in a paper box and left with you to eat at your leisure.

There was a county fair somewhere down the road, and we had an opportunity of seeing the natives. What a contrast between what we call a New Yorker and the citizens of Aroostook County! The former a pale, anxious-looking citizen, continually on the verge of a collapse; the latter a healthy, rosy-cheeked, contented individual, who looked

and acted as if the greed for gold was not the aim of life. What a contrast between those excursionists, on pleasure bent, and the pale, sickly denizens of the East Side as we

The Modest Chorus Girl We Admired.

have seen them on some barge on their way up the Sound to some picnic grounds!

The road led on down through the woods alongside of the lakes, over the streams and around the mountains of that health-restoring country.

As one passes through the farming districts of Maine, if he has ever lived in the country, he will appreciate the manner of the construction of the farm buildings. On account of my health the fifteen years following my graduation from Columbia College Law School I spent on a stock

Between Fort Kent and Norcross.

ranch in the State of Iowa, in a county bordering on the Missouri River, and would have likely remained there if the Beef Trust had even left me the first cut back of the horns; but it insisted on taking the whole steer. If before I had erected my Iowa buildings I had taken a trip through Maine I would have bunched them instead of isolating them. The Maine farmer joins all his buildings together. First comes the house, then the carriage house, then the

woodshed and the animal quarters, with other necessary buildings joined thereon, with doors opening from one to the other, whereas the Western man builds his apart.

We have often heard our New York friends speak of the blizzard of 1888, but we tell them they do not know what

Norcross.

a blizzard is, and we are bold enough to say that a Maine farmer has something to learn in that line. He who lives in a wooded country knows nothing of the storm-swept prairies. While the blizzard is on the Maine farmer can rise in the morning and walk under cover from his parlor to his pig-pen, everything protected within, while the storm howls without. Not so with his Western neighbor, with his detached buildings, with clotheslines as guide ropes,

strung from building to building, so as not to lose the trail; the hired hand, with a scoop-shovel, trying to locate the woodpile; the boss of the ranch wallowing through snow to his arm-pits in a vain endeavor to reach the animal kingdom; the horses, for want of food, eating up the stable in front and kicking holes through it in the rear; the cows bellowing to be milked,. the hog-pen covered with mountains of snow, the haystack and corn-crib out of sight, and the usually patient housewife yelling at her lord at the top of her voice through a crack in the door, "Dry wood, or no breakfast."

Through the courtesy of the superintendent of a pulp mill we stopped over a train at Millinocket and saw the process whereby the virgin forest is turned into paper. The logs were sawed into blocks, the blocks ground into pulp and the pulp converted into paper. The lumbering camps of Maine are fast removing the trees from which the State got its sobriquet; nor does the pine tree come again where once cut off. Strange as it may seem, where years ago the great pine forest was, now one has difficulty in finding a pine tree. As a general rule, similar growth springs up from the stump of a tree cut down, but not so with the "pumpkin" pine. Almost invariably birch comes instead. We saw repeatedly white birch growing from the stump, we might say, of a pine tree. From the way the pine tree is disappearing, Maine will have to change her other name. There was a time when pine was the only tree cut in the State; now the spruce and hemlock are also fast disappearing. But worse than the woodchopper are the pulp mills. They clean out everything in sight, large and small. Laws should be enacted protecting the young timber, or Maine will lose its attractiveness for the American sportsman. What a magnificent spectacle the woods of Maine must

have been when the pine was in its glory and the underbrush was an unknown quantity!

"The shades of night were falling fast" as the trainmen announced: "Norcross the next station." We were somewhat disappointed with Norcross; for the taking-out place

Ambajejus Lake.

of the most popular canoe trip in the State we expected to see an up-to-date town, but we found it next door to nothing. But, as we were looking for ozone and not style, for the work of nature and not that of "the man in the overalls," we entered the hotel, about the only building in town, where we put up for the night. Connected with the hotel was a supply store. The next morning we laid in our supplies for the West Branch trip.

We left Norcross on a little steamer which runs through

North Twin, Pemadumcook and Ambajejus Lakes. As one sails up those lakes there is constantly in view and nearer and nearer he approaches old Katahdin. Thousands of logs were floating on the surface of the lake, as the West Branch drive had just gotten through. We had quite an exciting

Loon, or Great Northern Diver.

and amusing experience on the little steamer which plies between Norcross and Ambajejus Falls. The deck of the boat was loaded with sportsmen, both men and women, canoes and dunnage, and we were all enjoying the delightful trip, when, with a roar, volumes of steam burst from the pilot-house; and the pilot, who acted as captain, deckhand, assistant engineer and cook, all combined in one,

came rushing out of the pilot-house, yelling, "Over with the lifeboats." Everybody thought the boat was going to blow up. Over went the canoes, over went the passengers, some landing in the canoes, others in the water. It seems a stop-cock on a steampipe in the pilot-house had burst. The combination pilot, captain, deckhand, assistant engineer and cook rushed back into the pilot-house and, in an attempt to shut off the steam, choked, fainted and got scalded. We might as well have stayed where we were, as the steam soon exhausted itself. It was one of those cases when the crew lost its head. The passengers returned to the boat and attempted to revive the "combination." Instead of attending to the poor fellow's wounds, everybody suggested giving him whiskey, which resulted in completely stupefying him.

As our boat was being towed back to Norcross alarming reports preceded us. The family of the "combination," physicians who had been telegraphed for along the line and the few inhabitants of the town were there to meet us. Everybody was sympathetic as they began to carry out the "dead," and were surprised and relieved to find that the only "dead one" was the "combination." After a hasty examination by the physicians and explanations by the passengers "a walk around the block" brought the "combination" back to life, little the worse for his experience as a navigator over the waters of Maine. And the last we heard of him he was singing "The Yarn of the 'Nancy Bell' ":

"O, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And a bo-sun tight, and a midship mite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

We were transferred to another steamer, and at the head of Ambajejus all our belongings were unloaded and again the wild life of the canoeist was before us. The guides were again our guardians. All will admit there is a difference whether you are going up hill or down.

Debconeag Falls.

Everything so far was down stream, but now we were "up against it." Where one canoeist goes up the West Branch hundreds go down. As the day was well gone, we camped on the shore of Ambajejus Lake, and while lying on our bough bed, listening to the continuous wail of the great Northern diver, Morpheus claimed us as his own.

Before us for the next day was the hardest day's work for the guides of the entire trip. There were five carrys

on the next ten miles, but it was surprising to see how easily and quickly the Indians made them. That night we camped where Abol stream enters the West Branch, at the foot of what Pike's Peak is to the Rockies, the "tie to" of Northern Maine, Katahdin Mountain.

"Katahdin is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

CHAPTER VI.

ABOL STREAM TO SOURDNAHUNK DEAD WATER.

FORTUNATE it was for a poor guide on Pockwockamus Carry that the dental colleges of to-day require students who graduate therefrom to be thoroughly proficient in anatomy. While the guides were making the carry we strolled along the river bank, casting our lines for an occasional speckled beauty. The Bangor Indian came rushing to us, saying there was a man hurt. We found a guide lying on the ground, suffering excruciating pain. It seems he had stumbled while carrying a canoe and had dislocated his knee-joint. They were about to take him to Norcross, when the Bangor Indian informed the party that a doctor was one of his party. All hands made way for the doctor. The operating table was the ground and sympathy the anæsthetic. The doctor stripped the clothing from the guide's leg, placed him in a proper position, put his knee on the dislocated bone, and ordered us to catch hold of the fellow's leg and pull. With a groan from the guide and a snap of the bone the knee went back into place. The Doctor informed the party that they had better set up a tent then and there, as the patient would not be able to move for a fortnight.

It generally takes about four round-trips to make a

carry. The canoe is usually the first load, and is carried bottom side up on the shoulders of the guide. Then follows the rest of the outfit, the guide taking on each trip about what he thinks he can conveniently lug. Straps such as soldiers use in carrying their knapsacks are used

Pockwockamus Dead Water.

in carrying the tents and bedding, which are covered with waterproof blankets. The longest carry for the guides on the West Branch is Pockwockamus; and on the East Branch, Haskell Rock, both about three-quarters of a mile. On the Allagash there is only one carry, we might say, and that a short one, at Allagash Falls, in consequence of which the Allagash trip was becoming very popular. A guide always breathes easier when the "sports" inform him that they are going to take the Allagash trip.

From our infancy we have heard of Plymouth Rock and the rockbound New England Coast, but the rocks of the State of Maine are not all along the coast line. Canoes can testify that there are a few along the rivers. The rocks along the Allagash East and West Branch show evidence

Pockwockamus Carry.

of contact with canoes by the paint left thereon. If it were not that the constant flow of water for ages has worn the rocks smooth, the canoe trips that afford so much pleasure to the sportsman could not be accomplished. We doubt if there are any more rocks in a given space in the State of Maine, or in any other State, for that matter, than there is at Pockwockamus Falls, on the West Branch of the Penobscot River. There are enough rocks there to build the foundations for all the skyscrapers that will be

erected on Manhattan Island during this generation. It looks as if the Supreme Being, when He commenced distributing stones along the West Branch, must have become leg-weary or went on strike when He reached Pockwockamus Falls and there dumped the balance of His load.

A Carry.

One gets lots of outdoor exercise between Ambajejus Lake and Abol stream; in fact, we got so much of it that we were reminded of the story of the English letter-carrier. His route was on the outskirts of London, and in order to make his rounds he was compelled to walk seventeen miles a day. The poor fellow broke down under the strain, was taken ill and sent for a doctor. The doctor examined his pulse, looked at his tongue and asked the letter-carrier his

occupation. The letter-carrier told him he was in the Post-office Department. The wise diagnostician, inferring that his patient was confined in some dingy postal office, thought he was safe in saying, "What you want is outdoor exercise."

While in camp at the foot of Mount Katahdin we were

Abol Falls.

to start another meat market, with the same brand of goods we had in stock at Churchill Lake, and we were also to ascend the mountain; so we had the Indians lay out the camp in due and ancient form. Obtaining venison along the West Branch is a much more risky business than along the Allagash, as where you will meet one canoeman on the Allagash you will meet hundreds on the West Branch.

There was game in plenty, and all night long you could hear the "blow" of the deer and the heavy tramp of the moose. One of the few noises denoting the presence of game is the snort of the deer through curiosity. This same curiosity has cost many of them their lives. They are like the horse in the pasture who sees some strange object and cannot rest until he finds out what it is. The silent approaching canoe has held game as if riveted to the ground, they thinking there is no danger until the floating object comes nearer, little knowing that the deadly rifle has them already in range.

The hunter who has never visited Maine during the closed season has no idea how tame the game is. One has no difficulty getting within a couple of canoe-lengths of deer and moose. They are constantly around the camp, day and night. It is an awful temptation to the average sportsman. One of the guides remarked, "They seem to know when it is closed season." When October comes and the firing begins they awake to a sad realization that it is no longer "closed season."

After breakfast, leaving the Indians at home, we took a stroll along the river bank. The only game we saw that afforded us any kind of a shot was a deer across the river. It was a long shot, but we scored a hit. Returning to the camp, we were soon paddling to where we thought we had shot the deer. After a long hunt we were startled in seeing the deer a hundred yards from where we shot it, dragging its hind parts. It had been shot in the back, paralyzing its hind legs. We soon put it out of its misery. It is surprising that, no matter what the conditions, seldom do game make any noise; there was that animal in awful agony, yet not a sound did it give forth.

If any reader of this narrative ever takes the West

Branch trip, he should not neglect ascending Mount Katahdin. The view from its summit is no doubt one of the most inspiring in all this land. The day we made the ascent

From Mount Katahdin's Summit.

the camp was early astir, as it is a hard and long day's tramp to the summit and return. At sunrise, with the two Indians, we started on the spotted trail that leads along Sandy stream and through the dense forest to what is called the "slide." In the year 1816 a landslide oc-

curred on the southern slope of the mountain. Up and up that gravelly, rocky pathway we and the two Indians dug along. Six hours after we left camp we were on the summit. Mount Katahdin reminded us of the Rockies, on account of its timber line. One could easily imagine that the beautiful lakes, mountains and streams, spread out before us as far as the glass could reach, would some day be the summer homes of America's multi-millionaires. For a time a passing thunder storm, halfway down the mountainside, obstructed our view. The sun was but a few hours high when we began the descent; notwithstanding it grew dark, the Indians followed the spotted trail to the camp, and that ended the hardest day's work on the entire trip.

While we were in camp at the foot of Mount Katahdin we met some friends from Chicago, who invited us to spend a day or two at their camp on Sourdnahunk Lake to enjoy the fishing. If the angler wants to satisfy his heart's desire, he can find no better place in all Maine than in the Sourdnahunk region. The little ponds along Sourdnahunk stream abound with speckled beauties, and they rise to any kind of fly.

"A-sudden, the speckled hawk of the brook
Darts from his covert and seizes the hook.
Swift spins the reel; with easy slip
The line plays out, and the rod, like a whip,
Lithe and arrowy, tapering, slim,
Is bent to a bow o'er the brooklet's brim,
Till the trout leaps up in the sun and flings
The spray from the flash of his finny wings."

We had often admired the head and horns of an immense moose in our friend's Chicago banking house, and, now that

we were on the lake where he secured it, we heard the story of the trick, often tried, but seldom accomplished, of simulating the call of the cow moose and bringing the bull.

"One clear, crisp afternoon one of the guides informed the camp of his intentions. Fashioning a megaphonic horn

"Good Morning, Mr. Trout! How Are All the Family?"

of birch bark, he went about a quarter of a mile from the camp, where a toting road ended at the lake. We soon heard echoing through the timber and over the lake an exact imitation of the long drawn-out, weird, nerve-racking plaint of the cow moose. At intervals the guide continued the call. You could hear a pin drop in the camp. Between times one could hear the busy 'stake-driver,' the report of the gun of some distant hunter and the wail of the loon. While we were intently listening one of the guides jumped to his

feet, remarking, 'Did you hear that?' Like the animals that roam those forests, the guides acquire a keen sense of sight and hearing. The guide continued calling with renewed vigor. Soon the whole camp heard, far away toward Mount Katahdin, the faint answer of the monarch

Our Chicago Friend's Camp, Sourdnahunk Lake.

of the forest. One of the guides estimated the distance as at least seven miles. One could hear the answering call plainly, and then hardly perceptible; yet we could tell that the animal was gradually approaching. Three of us hid behind trees a short distance back from the tote road.

"After two hours of patient waiting, and just as the sun was sinking, with the cracking of dry-ki and smashing of limbs, the huge, panting beast came in sight on a ledge some distance up the road. He was mud to his belly,

caused by wallowing through bogs on his hasty trip. He stood for a moment, grunting and scenting the air. The guide, who had in the meantime climbed a tree, continued

Find the Fish.

to call. The moose, being on high ground, and in the twilight, looked as big as an elephant. The wind was blowing toward him, and he no doubt scented us; yet down the tote road, with that awkward though rapid gait, he came, head erect and his great antlers brushing the boughs. Woe

be to the poor marksman who undertakes to stop a moose under such conditions. Just as he got opposite us we opened fire, and down went eleven hundred pounds of moose meat. No finer head of horns ever left the Pine Tree State."

Wrecked on the West Branch.

There were several parties camping near us at Abol stream, among them a lawyer, with his family, from Boston. The question arose regarding shooting deer out of season. It seemed to be the universal opinion that the intent of the law was solely to prevent the wanton destruction of game, not that one should deprive himself of fresh meat, killed for his own immediate use. It is the general opinion among lawyers that if a case was carried to the

higher court that court would hold that a sportsman who killed game out of season for his own use while in camp was not violating the intent of the law.

In your stock of provisions it is well to take some plug tobacco, even if you do not chew it. We placed a certain plug where it did us a whole lot of good. While we were in camp at the foot of Mount Katahdin, on the West Branch, a bateau was seen coming up stream loaded with barrels and boxes of provisions. They stopped opposite our camp, and a very good-looking fellow came ashore and asked if we had any plug tobacco. We made him a present of a plug. He was transporting supplies for some civil engineers who were building a dam at Sourdnahunk Falls for a corporation known as the Great Northern Company.

Horses and a sleigh called a "jumper" were used by the company transporting the supplies over the carrys. Sometimes the carry would be on one side of the river and then on the other, necessitating the horses swimming the river. They seemed to sense the situation and took to the water as if they had some duck blood in their veins.

The great question in the lumbering business in the State of Maine is to get sufficient water to float a log to the mill. The Great Northern must have a pull with the powers that be, as they dam up the rivers, overflow the lakes and change the water courses of the State with impunity. But a man living where Tammany Hall rules supreme does not throw up the sponge if he happens to run up against a pull; if he did the sponge would be in the air all the time. The incident of the plug of tobacco had passed out of mind as we broke camp and started on our trip up the river. When we reached the foot of Sourdnahunk Falls we were surprised to again see the young man to whom we had given the tobacco. It seems he was the boss of the

transportation lines along the West Branch of the Great Northern Company. He invited us to the supply camp, insisted on our taking dinner, and made us a present of

Grub for Knights of the Tripod.

some delicious fruit, had his men help us over the carry, and telephoned to the man who totes parties over Ripogenus Carry to be on the lookout for the "most accommodating sportsmen that ever went up the West Branch."

CHAPTER VII.

SOURDNAHUNK DEAD WATER TO CHESUNCOOK.

OUR next camping place was on Sourdnahunk dead water, at the foot of the Horserace, and was the ideal camping ground of the entire trip. Here the river broadens into a miniature lake, calm and placid, the banks easy of access and timbered, not with the Maine jungle, but similar to the woods of the Central States, into which one can see long distances. Spring water and birch abound, the scenery is picturesque beyond description, deer and moose are plentiful, and the waters of the nearby brooks are alive with delicious trout. There the weary toiler from the hot city will find his haven of rest. He will indeed believe that "God made the country and man made the town."

The next two miles before us was the dreaded Horserace, a second Chase's Carry, and the toughest proposition for the canoeist along the whole West Branch trip. It is difficult and dangerous to go down, but going down is not a bagatelle to going up. The way the waters run no doubt gave it its name. Along the river banks of Maine there are paths made by lumbermen and game on which one can easily walk. The day we went up the Horserace we were to meet our first misfortune of any consequence, losing practically all our provisions. The Horserace going

down can be run on the paddle, but going up canoes have to be led all the way. From the high cliffs along the river bank we could see the Indians in the valley below battling with the rushing waters among the rocks.

The Kineo Indian got reckless, and in endeavoring to

Author's Tent, Where the Narrative Was Drafted.

pole his canoe upset it, and, with the exception of some salt pork and prunes that were in the other canoe, our stock of provisions mingled with the waters of the Horse-race, to be seen no more. Yet with all his faults we loved him still. He was the cook, and a good one. We have eaten many a meal at swell restaurants along upper Broadway that could not compare in the art of cooking with that of the head of our culinary department—the gentleman from Kineo.

While we were in camp on Sourdnahunk dead water we came near witnessing a terrible tragedy through the criminal oversight of a careless hunter and the lack of knowledge on the part of a parent. A gentleman from St. Louis, with his family, was camping a short distance from us.

Sourdnahunk Stream.

His family consisted of his wife and two children—a son about twelve years old and a daughter about six. A little below where the St. Louis man camped was a sandy beach, where the children played much of their time. During the summer the coat of the deer is red, whereas later in the fall it sheds its coat of red and brown hair comes in its place. The night before the incident occurred a party came down the river and pitched their tent on the opposite shore from the sandy beach, distant about half a mile.

The day of the incident the mother unfortunately dressed the little girl in red. The brother had taken his sister to their favorite playing grounds, and, unbeknown to the parents, had gone fishing in a nearby brook. We heard a shot, and almost at the same time a canoe pushed out from the opposite shore, headed toward the sandy beach. The canoe had gone only a few lengths when it turned, and the occupants paddled rapidly back from where it started. In the meanwhile we saw the little girl running toward us, crying as if her heart would break. We all rushed down to meet her. She was holding a little, headless doll in her hands. From all appearances the head had been shot off. The Indian guides, who had heard the shot and seen the action of the canoe, informed us that the little girl had no doubt been taken for a deer. In company with the Doctor and the St. Louis man we crossed the river to the camp, and it was with difficulty we restrained the father from giving the impertinent fellow we found there the whipping he deserved. If there was an example made of some of those careless hunters, who shoot without knowing what they are shooting at, there would be a few less dead men carried out of the Maine woods.

Big Eddy was our next camping place, and there we spent the most miserable time of all our trip. Fighting black flies and "no see em's" on a diet of salt pork and prunes is not a very enjoyable occupation. If it were not for a smudge campers-out would pass many sleepless nights.

The next three miles was over the roughest carry and alongside of the grandest gorge in the State. Big Eddy is at the foot of Ripogenus Gorge, the dread of the lumbermen of the West Branch. The water rolls and tumbles over and among great precipices, and when the drive is

on log jams are of frequent occurrence. In the settlement of the early West there was a common expression that "life there was death to women and oxen." The Ripogenus Carry and gorge is death to horses and logs.

On all the other carries the guides either did the carry-

Sourdnahunk Falls.

ing or our outfit was transported by wagon; but a two-horse sleigh, or, in other words, a "jumper," was the means of conveyance over that carry. With the canoes and dunnage securely tied on the jumper, we started on foot over the three miles that ended at Ripogenus Lake. It was Chase's Carry on shore. Over stumps, logs and boulders the horses picked their way and the "jumper" jumped. We expected any moment the jumper to upset or climb a tree. Some of the gulleys were so steep they had to snub

the jumper with a rope to keep it from jumping clear over the horses. If ever a person earned six dollars, the old man who jumped us across that carry was the individual.

Ripogenus Gorge.

We paddled across Ripogenus Lake, another short carry, and were again on the waters of Chesuncook. We took lunch with the owner of the jumper at his log hut at the foot of the lake.

Skins of bears and foxes hung on the walls of the old man's ranch. The old fellow lives there alone all winter and summer. In the "good old summer time" he totes "sports" over the carry and in winter he traps. He sells the skins and also gets a bounty from the county for scalps.

Ripogenus Carry.

By energetic paddling, in which we all took a hand, the seventeen miles to the little town of Chesuncook, at the head of the lake, was covered as dusky twilight stole upon us. With our arrival at the head of Chesuncook Lake we had looped the loop, so to speak. We had surrounded all the country lying between what is known as the Allagash trip, on the north; the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad from Fort Kent to Norcross, on the east; the West Branch,

on the south, and Chesuncook, on the west, embracing one-third of the State, and we were now to go through the center by way of the East Branch.

What a game preserve that would make! One hundred and seventy-five miles in length by seventy-five miles in width, inhabited by thousands of wild animals, fish and feathered fowl. On the borders of the preserve are the postoffices from which the dwellers of that vast wilderness obtain their mail. You who find fault with only one mail a day, and kick if your morning newspaper is not in the vestibule before daylight, should have a dose the inhabitant of that portion of the Union gets.

Chesuncook, or, as it is pronounced by the natives, "Sun-cook," is the ideal frontier town. As a general rule the names of the lakes and streams of Maine can stand cropping off a syllable or two with a certainty that there will be plenty left. As we try to find time to pronounce some of the names, we do not blame the natives for dropping a syllable now and then. Their action reminds us of the experience of a would-be dramatic writer who called on a manager with his newly written play for the manager's acceptance or rejection. The manager cut out portions of it and finally rejected it. The author took it to another manager, who cut out more of it and also rejected it. The third manager cut out more of it, and, in returning it, cruelly wrote the poor author that if he could find another manager who would cut out the rest it would be one of the best plays ever written.

Chesuncook is over sixty miles from the nearest railroad station—Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake. From Greenville the mail is carried forty miles by steamer up the lake, two miles by wagon over Northeast Carry, and then by canoe twenty miles to Chesuncook. As we passed

up the lake the following day we met the mail-carrier coming down, with "Uncle Sam" in the bottom of the canoe. The arrival of the canoe at Chesuncook is looked forward to with as much anxiety and pleasure as the railroad train and stage coach in other parts of the country. Half of the

Between Ripogenus and Chesuncook.

western portion of that great preserve go to Chesuncook for their mail. There is one satisfaction—it takes a long time to get the customary request to "please remit."

The hotel at Chesuncook was the typical woodsman's hostelry. Its presentation was anything but inviting, yet everything was satisfactory within. The wooden floors showed the imprint of the spiked shoes of the lumbermen. As we entered, a large open fireplace with logs afire greeted

us. The hotel was full of sportsmen and guides. Yale College students were swapping yarns with the sons of the forest. We listened well on to midnight to the interesting experiences of the guides of Northern Maine. It was with interest we heard the story of one of the guides showing

Chesuncook Dam.

the instinct of the monarch of the game of Maine—the moose. It was during the early hunting season. The guide was one of two in charge of a Philadelphia party who were camping on Eagle Lake. As near as we can recollect, the story ran as follows:

"We got our drinking water at a spring near the lake. The night before we were to break camp there was a fall of about two inches of snow. As I went to the spring the next morning I noticed the largest moose tracks I ever

saw. On my return to the camp I reported what I had seen. At breakfast two of the 'sports' decided to track the animal, and chose me to guide them, the rest of the party returning to Chesuncook and home. It proved to be the longest and toughest hunt for game I ever made, but the two 'sports' were young and full of ginger and stood the tramp without a murmur. Taking three sleeping bags and grub enough to last for a week, we started on a trail that ended on Munsungan stream, about thirty miles from the start.

"That moose was a past-master in trickery. The first day he took a bee-line through the woods for ten miles, and just about time for us to camp for the night he commenced to circle. A moose knows when anybody is on his trail, and, to convince himself of it, he will travel in a circle, and then a circle within a circle, and then stand for hours to see if his pursuers are still after him. Another peculiarity: a moose will seldom lie down if he thinks he is being followed, and thus a hunter will tire him out. You can camp and go to sleep, but no sleep for him until he is sure the hunt is off.

"Most of the day we followed the tracks, circling for miles among the woods, the moose no doubt seeing us, but we getting no sight of him. Late in the afternoon we struck the cross-trail, and then for another straight run for ten miles to Munsungan stream, where we camped for the night. The trail led down the stream. During the night the moose track and everything else was buried under a foot of snow, and the next morning, instead of hunting moose, we were hunting a camp. We started down the stream for a camp I knew, and had not gone over two miles when there, mired in a bog, was our friend, too exhausted to extricate himself. We severed the head, with as fine a

set of horns as I ever saw, and they to-day ornament the 'den' of one of Philadelphia's millionaires."

There is a little steamer at Chesuncook that carries supplies up and down the lake, and is also hired by "sports" for excursion purposes. The name of the boat is the "Cari-

The "Caribou."

bou." Two days before our arrival some "sports" had engaged the boat for a fishing trip down the lake. A drunken fellow got aboard the boat, and the boys with much difficulty threw him off. As the boat started away the fellow pulled out his gun and made a target of the stern of the boat. He was arrested, and in telephoning to Kineo for a constable the wag who did the telephoning, unknown to anybody, said a man had shot a caribou and they were holding the culprit. There are always game wardens at

Kineo, and two immediately started down the West Branch. On their arrival at Chesuncook they found the prisoner in a barn, with two or three fellows sitting on him, and they wanted to know the whereabouts of the caribou. They were informed that the "Caribou" had gone down the lake, but would be back shortly. The wardens finally ascertained what kind of a caribou had been shot, and made an unsuccessful hunt for the fellow who did the telephoning. The boys, getting tired of sitting on the prisoner, telephoned to the sheriff, and the day after our arrival the sheriff and his prisoner started in a canoe for the shire-town.

CHAPTER VIII.

"SUNCOOK" TO GRAND LAKE.

WE laid in sufficient provender at Chesuncook for the trip to Grindstone, and the morning after our arrival at the hotel saw our canoes again crossing the head of the lake for Umbazookus stream. Again we were toted across Mud Pond Carry; again cut the waters of Mud Pond, with its lily pads and moose, and down the outlet again to Chamberlain Lake. Our course lay down the lake instead of up it. As we reached Telos Lake the afternoon was fast passing away, and on its shore we pitched our tents for the first night by the waters that flow to the East Branch. The devout angler camping at Telos Lake should take the mile tramp over to Coffeelos; there he will find as good fishing as in the ponds of the Sourdnahunk region.

While passing down the outlet from Mud Pond we met coming up the narrow, rocky channel a canoe, or, more properly speaking, an improvised ambulance. A poor fellow had had his leg crushed at the tramway between Eagle and Chamberlain Lakes, and his companions were hurrying him to Kineo, sixty miles distant, it being the nearest place where he could receive medical treatment. You who live in the city, with a doctor on every block, think of what this man had to endure.

When the accident happened he was seventy miles from a physician and nearly a hundred miles from a railroad. He was placed in a bateau, rowed ten miles down Chamberlain, transferred into a canoe, taken up Mud Pond outlet and across Mud Pond, transferred to a wagon and

"Suncook"—Storm Coming.

transported over the rough and rocky Mud Pond Carry, placed in a canoe, passed over Umbazookus Lake down the nine miles of Umbazookus stream, across Chesuncook Lake, and then poled and paddled twenty miles up the West Branch to Northeast Carry, placed again on a wagon, transported over the carry to Moosehead Lake and then twenty miles by steamer down the lake to Kineo, reaching a physician thirty-six hours after the accident. How would that strike the impatient invalid who growls at the nurse if his

wants are not satisfied as soon as the button is pressed? The ladies seem inclined to follow the men to the woods, as they have on the bicycle and golf grounds. They need not fear the fatigue of a canoe trip over the waters of Maine, as they will find it far less fatiguing than a season spent at one of our summer hotels; nor need they wait for an escort, as in the hands of the registered guides of Maine they are as safe as if they were with a brother, and much more so than in the company of the average young man of to-day. They can rest assured they will be welcome, as we had evidence of that while we were on Telos Lake. A large party from Louisville, Ky., among whom were several young ladies, were in camp not far from us, and we noticed that all the "sports" who were on Telos and Chamberlain seemed to spend their evenings close to the girls. Some six months after our sojourn there we received cards inviting us to a wedding, the bride and bridegroom having first met on picturesque Telos.

The day after our arrival on Telos we had a seance with some feathered fowl, and we are not likely to repeat the experience. Leaving the guides at home, we went on an unsuccessful expedition for another supply of venison. Not a deer or a moose did we see. On the rivers and lakes of Maine one often sees flocks of young ducks skipping along, too young to fly; they are always led by the old ones. As we were coming out of a small tributary of Telos, just as we entered the lake, not less than forty ducks came out of the grass, slid into the water, and started swimming up the lake. We fired our rifle and expected them to rise and fly; as they did not, we, of course, thought they were too young, and so an easy task to run down.

Away went the ducks, churning the water, and we after them. Soon they strung out in line, one seeming to be

the leader, which kept up a peculiar noise—a call, we inferred. We paddled with all our strength, the ducks kicking up the water in great shape, making a noise like a cataract. Occasionally they would rest for a moment; we thought they were winded and that we were gaining on

The Deer We Couldn't Eat.

them, but the gaining was merely a delusion. For several miles we kept up the chase, but finally, through exhaustion, were compelled to call a halt and started home.

We did not mention the occurrence to our guides, as we were not very anxious for them to know that we had been making fools of ourselves. We were under the impression that if our wind had not given out and we could have continued a mile or two further we would have bagged the

game, but that evening we learned to the contrary. We determined to find a solution of the problem that very night. Further up the lake was another camp. After supper we pushed one of the canoes into the lake and called on the occupants of the other camp, to "feel" of them con-

What We Saw on Webster Lake.

cerning our experience of the afternoon. We approached the subject carefully, and had asked but a few questions when they all broke into a laugh, they having seen the whole circus and having been themselves taken in by the same game.

They had seen us going home and, thinking we had tired the ducks out, proposed to bag the whole bunch; so into their canoes they went after the ducks, and, from what they told us, they ran them at least three miles further up the

lake, with the same result. So we would suggest that if any hunter wants to bag Maine ducks he had better try them on the wing and not on the water.

The next day we were more successful in supplying our "meat market." But the meat we threw away; we could

Entering Grand Lake.

not bear to eat it. It was a doe we killed, and she was giving milk. We imagined we could see the helpless little fawn in that lonely wilderness waiting and starving for the mother that never returned. We decided then and there to lay aside our firearms for the rest of the trip, and we kept our resolution. The thought of what we had done saddened in a measure the balance of the trip. We derived some consolation from the fact that if we were the

means of the death of a fawn at Telos, we saved one on the Allagash.

Fortunate it is for those who traverse the woods of Maine for pleasure or profit that upon nearly all the lakes are the habitations of man. Few of the lakes but have their

Dream That Came True.

sporting camps, generally kept by some guide. Telos was no exception. From a guide at the sporting camp at the foot of the lake we heard some news concerning what they called "the second East Branch drive" which gave us little concern at first, but which afterward nearly caused us to give up the trip down the East Branch.

To help the log drive along, the gates were up at the dam at the foot of Telos, giving plenty of water to run our canoes through the canal to Webster Lake. It seems that

years ago the outflow of Telos and Chamberlain Lakes went down the Allagash. All logs cut in that vast region reached the sea through Canadian waters, the lumbermen being compelled to pay the "Canucks" a tax thereon. To avoid this the lumbermen dammed up the outlet from

Breaking Log Wings.

Chamberlain—where we camped on the Allagash trip—and opened up the canal we were about to go down, thereby changing the flow of the water of these lakes and their tributaries from Canadian to American rivers.

The canal at the foot of Telos is a boisterous stream of water, somewhat rocky, and it required expert canoeing on the part of the guides to float us safely into Webster Lake. Chase's Carry, on the Allagash, and the Horserace, on the

West Branch, got us well acclimated to take the medicine dealt out to us along Webster stream. We found it as hard a problem to solve as one will meet in many a day, and before we got through it one of the canoes landed on a sharp rock, cutting a hole a foot long through the canvas, compelling the occupants to jump into the river. The accident occurred just before we reached Indian Carry at the falls, where we intended to camp for the night. In that smash-up we met with our greatest misfortune, losing a camera containing many of our pictures. With extra canvas, tacks and white lead the canoe was repaired, and the next morning saw us passing through Second Lake on down the thoroughfare to Grand Lake, the last lake of the trip.

Through an oversight, we discovered, when too far to turn back, that we had left a bag containing, among other things, our supply of tea, coffee and tobacco, where we had camped the night before. Fortunately there was a supply depot on Grand Lake. The tea and tobacco we got there were passable, but the word "coffee" on the package was the only coffee about it.

As we neared the end of Grand Lake we could hear the sound of oar-locks. With a glass we could see a bateau filled with men towing logs and, further down toward the outlet, acres of logs floating on the surface. Having been told what difficulties and dangers one encounters in navigating streams while a log drive is on, we looked forward to the balance of our trip with apprehension. But we look back to that forty miles from Grand Lake to Grindstone as the most exciting, interesting and instructive of the whole four hundred, as often in this life the dreaded expectancy proves to be a pleasant materialization.

Little does one realize, as he sits in his comfortable home,

what hardships men have endured to obtain the materials that compose it. In the winter, with its deep snows and zero weather, far up on the mountainside the poorly paid woodchoppers work from early morn until late at night, some felling trees, others cutting off the limbs, sawing off

Winter Scene.

the tops and stripping the bark; others, with the aid of horses, hauling the logs down the mountainside onto the frozen lakes and streams, on which, as the ice goes out, they are floated to the mills.

They told us few parties take the East Branch trip, being discouraged by guides, who truthfully tell of its rough waters; so we were somewhat of a curiosity. The Maine log-driver is generally French. There are a few Indians

and an occasional "Yank." The bosses are all Americans, some being young men and well educated. That night we camped at the dam at the foot of Grand Lake and saw for the first time the sluicing of logs.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM GRAND LAKE HOME.

THE East Branch from Grand Lake to Bowlin Pitch is about as rough a piece of water as the average canoeman cares to tackle, and when, in addition, you have a lot of logs sailing on all sides, it is enough to give you a good start for a sanitarium. There was no alternative for us but to go on with the logs, for if we waited for the drive to get through to Grindstone the business of a certain New York law office would come to a stop and the patients of a Bangor dentist would be howling with pain.

The telephone is a godsend to the river driver. Prior to its use, whenever there was a jam there was no way of stopping the oncoming logs or securing help except by the slow information conveyed by men on foot. We found the telephone all along the East Branch. At all the falls, rapids and sharp bends in the river were telephone boxes nailed to trees, with men nearby ready to notify those above of any jam below.

The day we selected to start from Grand Lake, on account of a jam further down, they stopped sluicing, leaving the river free of logs and affording us smooth sailing to Stair Falls. At that point there is a carry. As we neared Haskell Rock we could see logs and trouble ahead. They were holding back the logs on account of the jam below.

The banks of the river where we struck the logs was low, the water backing far into the interior. There was a quarter of a mile of logs between us and Haskell Rock; the afternoon was waning away; there was no place to camp there, and we were simply being devoured by that affection-

Making a Carry Over Logs.

ate little creature, the mosquito, which seems to be ever in evidence, whether you are in the tropics, under the bamboo tree, or in the Arctic Circle seeking gold along the Yukon. After two hours of punching logs and dragging the canoes over them we struck solid ground that led to Haskell Rock.

There are always pitched at convenient distances along the river during a log drive two tents—one a large "lean-to," for the men to sleep in, and the other a place to eat. In the latter, called a "wangan," are the cook's quarters,

where all the cooking is done. There are no more hospitable set of men on earth than the cooks in the woods of Maine. As a stranger enters a "wangan" almost the first word spoken is an invitation from the cook: "Will you have a dish of beans and a cup of tea?" No one knows

Rounding Log Wings—Hulling Machine.

when a stranger enters a "wangan" where he comes from. Possibly he has been lost in the woods and is in a starving condition.

While we were in camp that night at Haskell Rock we were informed by the Bangor Indian that the boss of the rear of the drive was eating his supper in the "wangan." Our experience with the average New York politician had taught us that it was not a bad idea to get on the right side of the "man higher up." From the men along the line

we would likely seek information and possibly require assistance. We knew something about the potency of whiskey, especially in a prohibition State, where a river driver was concerned. One quart bottle of the two we had purchased at Clair's, on the Canadian frontier, opposite Fort

Taking a Breathing Spell.

Kent, remained. On several occasions we noticed that the Kineo Indian had his eye on it, and, fearing that he might get his hand on the object of his eye and paint some "wangan" the same beautiful color he had the little New Brunswick town of Connors, we proceeded to place that bottle of "medicine" where it would do the most good, and it proved to be the best investment we made on the entire trip.

There is a great difference between a New Yorker and a New Englander as regards getting acquainted. It did not

take us long to get a little Scottish importation inside of the anatomy of the boss of the rear of the log drive and the bottle in one of his hip pockets. Just before we retired for the night the Bangor Indian poked his head into our tent, telling us: "Everything is O. K. You fixed it."

Up Against It at Last.

Next day we started down the river with the logs, a canoe accompanying us, occupied by two river drivers, as a "wind shield" against the logs. Across all the carrys the occupants of the canoe assisted us. The word was telephoned along the line: "Distinguished party coming down the river; render all assistance." What an important message that was to us. Instead of meeting a lot of rough river drivers, an army of Chesterfields was continually at our service. Our reception was like the triumphant return of the

victor with the spoils of war. Even the stolid Indian guides could not help but smile at the sequel to the presentation of that bottle of nervine. The innocent log-driver thought he was paying homage to some high and mighty potentate, and it seems cold-blooded that a beneficiary of his kindness should be the first to publish the deception to the world. The Kineo Indian shed a few tears when we parted with our last drop of "fire-water," but afterward admitted that "the New Yorker knows a trick or two." At Bowlin Falls, where we were to camp that night, ended the hard part of the river. There our escort bade us good-bye, and we pitched our tents on the brink of the falls, where we were to pass the most memorable night of any yet experienced.

It was a beautiful moonlight night; one could see the passing logs rolling and plunging over the falls into the whirlpool below. Occasionally a jam would form below the falls, and men with dynamite would break it, throwing pieces of logs from the river valley far back into the woods. Between the plunging logs, roar of the waters and discharges of dynamite there was an awful noise the whole night through. All the next day, down to Whetstone, we had many narrow escapes from being crushed, and it required the best kind of a canoeman to save us from being sucked under while rounding log wings.

From Whetstone to Grindstone, the end of our canoe trip, was ten miles. From what they told us up river about the log jam at Grindstone, we considered ourselves fortunate in getting to Whetstone. At every turn of the river we expected to see our further progress blocked. As luck would have it, we struck the solid jam opposite some sporting camps, where we hired a team to take us overland to Grindstone, there catching the evening train for Bangor.

The East Branch from Bowlin waters down runs through as wild and picturesque a country as the most devout lover of nature could long for. The rapid river winds among high, densely wooded banks. Already the autumnal hue was adding to the beauties of the whole scene. The

Grindstone—Scene from Taking-Out Place. The End of Our Canoe Trip.

crimson maple leaf, with the evergreen foliage as a background, was an ideal picture for the artist. As we glided along, the struggling logs were battling with each other for supremacy. Like poor unfortunates along the coast line of the Sea of Life, the banks were strewn with them. Some tired, so to speak, of the struggle, had sought rest voluntarily; others, crowded from the race by the more powerful, combinations formed to destroy the hopes of the weaker, were at one time floating in peace in smooth

waters, then scarring each other while pounding over rough and rugged pathways, and then again floating into pleasant waters—all blindly rushing on, ignorant of purpose, and how, when or where it would all end, yet finally to be transformed, as we hope to be, into something grander and nobler.

Near Old Town. The Entire Party, by Request of the Guides.

At Bangor we parted with our faithful guides, changed buckskin for broadcloth, bough beds for microbe mattresses, the plain cooking of the guides for the dyspeptic combination of the average chef, eight hours of refreshing sleep for more or less tossing, three square meals for no appetite, pure air for sewer gas, the rod and the rifle for the pen and the rolltop desk, health and happiness for work and worry—in fact, turned our backs on what they

tell us is a barbaric life for what we are taught to believe is civilization.

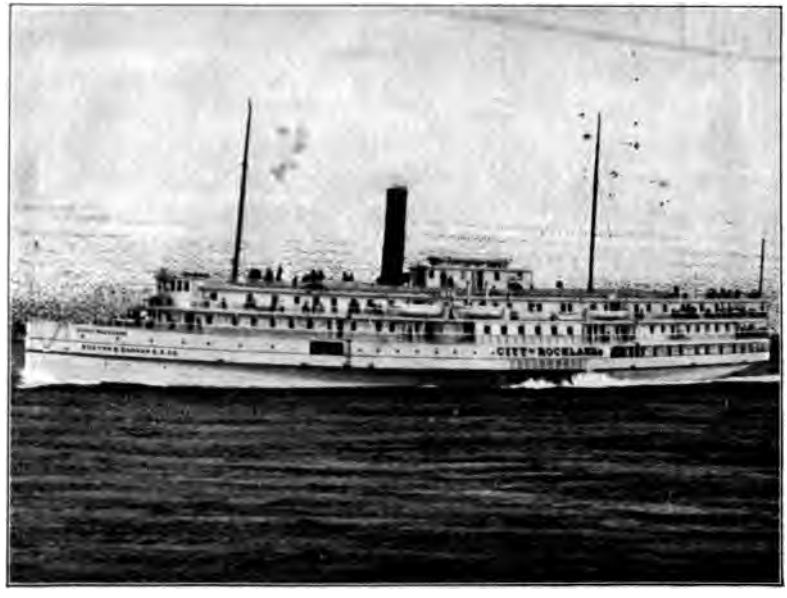
The night after we arrived in Bangor we attended a grand rally of the Democracy. Being Democrats, we tried

Kenduskeag Stream, Bangor. Nearing the Buzz-Saw.

to swell the crowd, and, then, we always did have a fellow-feeling for the under dog. Through the courtesy of the Mayor of the city we had seats on the platform. They were electing a Governor—we do not mean the Democracy; they would not be guilty of that offense; only two or three

times in the history of the State have they shown such discourtesy toward the Republicans. There is one satisfaction a Democrat in Maine can speak his mind without endangering the success of his party. There is some consolation in that.

The different speakers were given plenty of rope, with-



'City of Rockland."

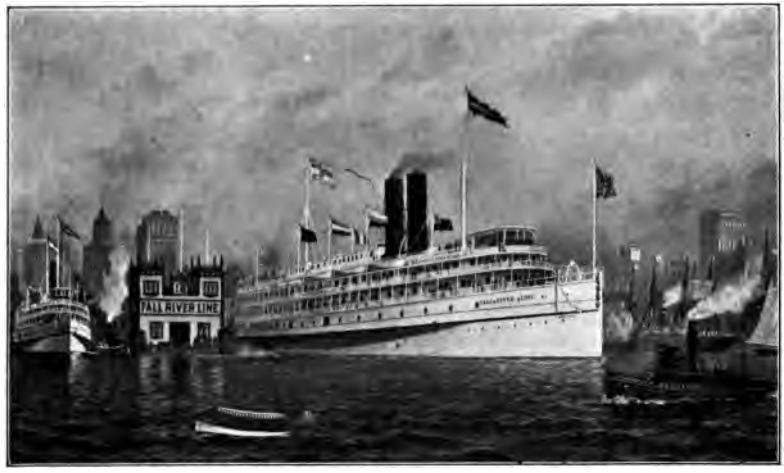
out any fear of hanging themselves, as all sides admitted that the execution was over before the curtain went up. A fellow has lots more fun in a game when he has nothing at stake. While the Republicans were collared, bridled and coached, the Democrats were collarless, unbridled and unhorsed. A man by the name of Cobb was the Republican candidate. All the speakers spoke well of him personally,

but the great combinations he belonged to and fostered were the objects of the Democracy's attack. One of the speakers broke all the furniture within his reach emphasizing what would happen to the State of Maine in particular, and the country in general, if monopolist Cobb reached the Governor's chair.

We certainly would not poke fun at our own party, but we can appreciate a good thing when we see it, even if it is on us. After the meeting was over we made inquiries as to Cobb's monopolistic associations. Our informant—a wag, no doubt—said Cobb was treasurer of a lime company having a capacity of ten barrels a week; was director of a street car company, whose equipment consisted of two cars and three mules; was vice-president of a bank that had nine thousand seven hundred and eight-four dollars and sixteen cents subject to check, and was president of the Rockland Baseball Club. Cobb was elected and "the government at Washington still lives."

The next afternoon we took passage on the Boston boat, the "City of Rockland." As we passed down the valley of the Penobscot our thoughts wandered back to its headwaters, and we wondered if the same little drops of water we cut with our canoes in that far-off wilderness were floating the "Rockland" to the sea. Along the river banks one could see large ice-houses, some in process of decay. Back of each were the little settlements of the ice harvesters, who had bought land and built houses, believing they would always find employment at their vocation. Little did they know that on the formation of what is known as the American Ice Company the work that God had provided for their support was to be taken from them by man. That great combination bought all the ice-houses on the Penobscot and the Hudson, the source of the main ice sup-

ply of New York and New England. As it was to its interest, some years it would harvest no ice on the Penobscot, and consequently many of those poor people lost their homes. The ice harvester of the Penobscot is not the only victim of monopolistic tendencies in this country; there are like examples throughout the oil regions of Pennsylvania and over the cattle ranges of the plains.



"Priscilla."

There is no more interesting river ride in this country than down the Penobscot from Bangor to Rockland. The boat makes many landings, which, instead of causing annoyance, as stops generally do, add interest to the trip, as the docks at the little towns are crowded with natives and tourists, and the hustling freight handlers cause many amusing scenes. As we landed at Bucksport we imagined we could see old Jed Prouty, still the quaint boniface of the little hotel on the hillside. The well-built and hand-

some boats of the Boston and Bangor line and its accommodating officers also add pleasure to the trip. The rising sun was burning a hole through the fog as the "City of Rockland" was slowly feeling her way up the harbor of Boston.

We spent the day with some friends at Newport, and that evening boarded the "Priscilla," of the Fall River Line—the queen of the coast line steamers. It was delightful to be again aboard a New York boat, especially the finest of them all, with its stylishly gowned ladies, its band of music, its brilliantly lighted saloons, and its service surpassed by none. As we passed down the East River early the following morning we saluted the "North Star" at her dock, and, rounding the Battery, we were soon alongside of Pier 19, North River.

The same faithful servants with the same wagonette were there to meet us. What a change! The pale, thin disciple of Blackstone had been transformed into a sunbrowned, strenuous athlete. What a blessing it is that there are havens where one can regain his health, without which this life is not worth the living!

AUG 17 1916

THE END.

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